

"Twelve Disciples, my friends, go ye in peace,
 About the place abroad;
 In that day when the tribes are united
 Near ye, by reason ye shall feel
 That judge as kings, release from debt,
 And men's feet shall supply."

A little counts for much with Him we serve,
 And yet, ungracious, grasping, we reserve
 Our claim for recompense adequate, when
 Then he receives who brings a better love!

The portion of our Teachers! Love our hearts
 Meet to perceive him, careful, he imparts
 As slow dropped sliver, that word shall reach
 The early soul of him he designs to teach!

The other side of the shield he straight display
 To the disciples' most appointed day:
 "One brings a little, thus serve ^{affair} the much,
 Get the same recompense doth each deserve!"

Not long to be depressed, man's tender heart
 Springs up as on a bubble upon the water,
 Dismissed at first, soon found unpleasant thought
 In the scene had passed before them, the birds under
 The impression of the first young man
 Who could not give his all, a sorrowful
 Went on his onward way, "imposed deep scars
 Of comfortable anxiety." "See," said one,
 He has left all we had & followed them;
 What freedom is for us?"

Continue

For not by my sword rule of law or more
 Shall you suffer me to ^{to suffer} ~~be~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~penal~~ ^{penal} ~~law~~
 Truly he gives, nor reckons your pain, but
 Can glad & grateful thanks shall not from you!

He found you idle in the market-places,
 Early or late, what mattered to his grace?
 He led you to his vineyard, found employ,
 And named the wages each one should enjoy;

A day's wage felt the man had ^{won} ~~earned~~ an hour
 The other calculated in eager thought
 At that rate, how much then each he receive
 Had worked all day with his lord's precious leave.

But as each held his palm, there was loud
 That penny he had long aimed to be paid.
 Unjust! they cry; how can he treat us so
 Who've worked all day beneath the sun's hot glow!